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SCRATCHES

Go to a desk blotter, a scratch pad, or a telephone booth and read the scratches and figures which have been made. Behold! a whole new field of study is opened. And it is interesting. No one makes the same mark. Often one person alone will make a dozen different scratches depending entirely on his mood. These can tell an observer many things. Sometimes it is evident that the marker is interested in athletics by his pictures of baseballs, footballs, even rules scratched or printed. Other times flowers drawn on some scratch pad show a person interested in nature.

Observe your own scratchings. They were most likely when you were waiting for something or somebody. Your subconscious self protruded in a stray moment. Your pet interest cropped up, and down went the figure on the nearest space which could be used for writing.

To youth, school desks mostly serve. If hearts are printed or cut in a desk you may be sure that the carver is in love. If he puts initials down inside the hearts, his love affair has gone so far that he is really proud of the fact. He has passed the bashful stage. He loves little Annie Rooney, wishes the whole world to know it, and proceeds to write her initials over his own and surround them both with a heart.

Suppose one carves his initials in the desk, writes them on all his books, and makes a habit of it. He can easily be
distinguished by this show of self-pride. However, if in his disinterested moments he draws Indians, swords, or guns, the pseudo artist manifests a marked romantic character.

This same habit does not disappear on growing up. Some of the worst offenders to public property are college students. On a survey of desks in a small college many developed forms of expressing the subconscious were found. Probably the most popular way to decorate your desk is to print fraternity initials on it. On counting the number of times this mark was put down in one room alone, it appeared 120 times. To the person interested in one’s character, could not these initials portray a certain pride in one’s associations, maybe a superiority complex?

One desk, however, had all the fraternities on the campus printed in a column. Might it be said that that particular party had a communal complex. He leaned towards the brotherhood of man. He may even now be holding a seat in the World Court or League of Nations.

Another college student spent his moments in printing radio announcements. His desk read like this:

"Canada’s Cheerio Station presents Rudy Richardson’s Rowdy Rythm Rascals, and Snakefish and his 12 Rattlers in a battle of rythm. Their first number will be ‘Sweet Adeline vs. Ben Boldt’."

Was that student merely facetious who inscribed on his desk the following legend: “R. F. S. Harvard 1926. Si deus vult”?

A collection of these markings at once becomes divided into two groups, the practical and the impractical or aesthetic. In the first group are those whose scribblings show mathematical or scientific tendencies. They carve or print squares, circles, concentric and otherwise, cubes, parallel lines, and all types of geometric figures. They also believe in playing safe by working arithmetic on the desk top.
The students of science are more technical. They draw retorts, bunsen burners, radio stations, pulleys, cats, and constellations. Models of ears decorate their desks. Every angle was noticed, from the side view of a Rolls-Royce to the back view of a Model T Ford. They even crib scientifically. In the corner of many of the desks were light, intelligible scratchings of a formula or a historical date.

On the other hand are those whose thoughts soar towards the heavens while their pencils dig into the varnish; their marks will be different. Their natures tend towards art and beauty. The figures they make range over a wide field. Women's heads seemed most popular. Sometimes the result is a beautiful girl. A few, too, see the beauty of the commonplace and a scout woman is depicted. Profiles of men, landscape (which is usually fatal to the desk), cartoons, famous verses are some of the many ways the subconscious appears.

There is still a third class—miscellaneous. Some people have a "pet peeve" and give vent to their feelings through written sentences. For example, in the college survey, short statements were found such as: "Bill — is a booby" or, "Youse is a viper, professor."

So much for the individual in discovering the real trend of his character. If you are in the professions a knowledge of the subconscious mind is quite handy. The doctor can find what is wrong with his patient by observing his scribblings. If they are impractical the victim is usually under the influence of love. But if they are in the practical class, his business worries him. Likewise the professor is aided. He would do well to look once a month at the desk tops. Too much disfiguring, especially in back seats, most likely means his course is dry. When the competent professor is sure his subject is interesting but finds too many of his students are flunking, he need not go far to
discover what is the matter with them. His solution lies in plain view on the desk top.

The simple markings that you make are significant—A plumber does not scratch Greek letters, neither does the college professor indent his desk with X's. Each one's mark means something. Those who delve into fortune's secrets could well pass their time in developing this new science. Certainly it will give you as much satisfaction as the town oracle.

William R. Mark.

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DOGWOOD

You are beautiful—
Cold, alluring, white,
Dogwood.
Long, shimmery ears,
Tapped ribbed petals.
Background by tapestries
Of singing leaves;
In your earthen vase
Free, gay, seductive.
Here another tapestry
Of Flemish weave,
In your potter's vase
Sad, drooping, seductive.

—Martin Kahn.
S MIGUEL lazily poked about a broken-handled hoe in his little bean patch under the burning Sonora sun, he thought wistfully of the cool barroom of the fat Senora in Nogales, where, if one had the money, one could buy ice cold beer or the tequila—that soother of troubled minds. Then one could sit down at a table and listen to the black Esteban play upon the guitar, or one could exchange tall stories of past amours or adventures with the congenial idlers who were always about. Tempting thought! Not good to think about for one who is saving his money! Miguel shrugged unconsciously, sighed heavily, and leaning on his hoe, surveyed nis little 'dobe hut with longing. It was so cool in there—and the sun beat down so hard outside, searing his flesh through sundry rents in his shirt which he had neglected to patch. His guitar lay in the corner awaiting eagerly the touch of his skilled fingers upon its strings. Miguel could stand it no longer. Throwing down his hoe, which broke a bean stalk, he wiped the sweat from his soft brown eyes with a torn black handkerchief and went inside, stumbling over some empty tin cans at the doorway.

Throwing himself on his unmade bed, Miguel eyed the two day pile of dirty dishes with disfavor. Closing his eyes to shut out the sight, he gave himself up to bitter calculation. Five hundred dollars more and he would have enough to buy a half-interest in Pancho Romero's saloon. Five hundred! It would take him a year to make that much money. He had two hundred in the filthy mattress under his bed, but to get that he had sold his horse, his rifle, and his dogs. He had no more horses, rifles, or dogs with which to obtain more money, and no one cared to buy his little patch of ground. Not that he could blame them. Dios! It was hard to till that parched piece of desert. Of course he could accept the job which the Gringo cattleman had
offered him across the line, but there he would have to work from morning 'till night. There would be no playing upon the guitar, nor could he see Perita, his sweetheart, in the evenings. Unwillingly his mind began to toy with the other alternative. The fat Senora had always a smile and a word for him, and there had been plain indications that she was not averse to any advances he might make. Dios! How ugly and fat she was. No, he could never look at her when he was sober. Besides, there was Perita, who loved and depended upon him. But how could he gain her father's consent with no money?

Miguel despondently gave up and rolled into a sitting position. He would go to Nogales to see if he could wheedle or cajole Pancho into lowering his price a little. No, he would not even stop at the Senora's. After putting on his good shirt and his gay straw sombrero, he once again stepped out into the glaring sand and started to Nogales with a light heart and a twenty-dollar bill. For after all, perhaps he would stop at the Senora's and get a glass of beer. Perhaps two, but no more. Where was the harm in that? Gaily he lengthened his stride, whistling, then singing in a soft baritone “La Paloma”. Reaching the fringe of straggling run down 'dobe shacks stuck on the side of the hill at the outskirts of Nogales, he walked still more quickly. When he passed the neat little casa in which he had been born and raised, and which he had sold after his father's death, squandering the money in two weeks of drinking and gambling,—he experienced a momentary qualm of regret.

He found Pancho in a singularly complaisant humor. He had just won an argument with his wife as to how much she needed a new black dress, and a little later, he had won fifty dollars on a cockfight. And the fact that he had won the money from a Gringo tourist added a keen edge to the zest of his victory. After a long roundabout conversation about Pancho's rheumatism, various cures, the possibil-
FATE—MASTER OF REVELS

ity of rain the health of the Senora Romero, a new shipment of beer, the health of the little Romeros, and the past cockfight, Miguel arrived at his point. He was surprised and delighted to hear Pancho say, after much consideration and figuring with a pencil stub, that if business held out the rest of the winter, he would sell the half interest for a hundred dollars less than the original figure.

In order to get away before Pancho changed his mind Miguel shortened the long and courteous leave-taking as much as he could. Then with a song on his lips and a glow in his heart he hurried to the blithe haven of the Senora's to celebrate his good fortune,—perhaps with three beers—now a bright red string of beads in a shop window caught his eye and, resolving to let his sweetheart share his good fortune, he went in and bought them, thinking dreamily of the kiss she would bestow upon him for this beautiful gift. Whistling softly he swaggered on to the Senora's where he was soon telling his friends of his good stroke of business and was paying for a round of beers.

A crafty-eyed old negro, sipping his glass at a table in the corner, nodded an indifferent return to Miguel's general greeting upon his entrance, and resumed sipping, becoming immediately engrossed in solving an intricate problem with his bare toe in the sawdust. When Miguel, his tongue loosened by several rounds of beer, explained to his friendly circle how he had sold his horse, rifle, and dogs, and was going into the saloon business himself, the negro's eyes narrowed slightly and he went over to join the circle around Miguel, ordered a round of tequilla and joined in the congratulations. When the idlers had, one by one, dropped off to supper, he plied Miguel with more tequilla and introduced a little proposition to him whereby Miguel could make up the rest of the sum he needed at one stroke. The negro, old Mose, had a big red fighting cock, El Toro, which he was going to match the next day with the bird of a strange negro from across the line. Strange, that is, to
everyone but Mose, a fact he did not advertise. Now the red cock which Mose had just acquired, Miguel knew had never been beaten in twenty odd battles. Mose, seeing the gleam in his eye, painted a golden picture of the sure thing so dear to the heart of the Mexican. When Miguel, however, still objected on the score of past sure things into which Mose had let him and which he had lost, the old negro pulled his trump card, which was the fact that the other negro was a friend of his and was also betting on El Toro, his own bird being but half the size of Mose's and therefore not having a chance, and that he, Mose, was letting Miguel in on this to recoup him for his past bad luck with Mose's birds. The fumes in his head helped Miguel's conversion and he promised to meet Mose the next afternoon with all the money he could lay his hands upon.

Miguel spent the next couple of hours in a poolroom, idly knocking the balls around, his exultation mounting as the time of tryst with Perita grew nearer. Then, for a last drink he stopped again at the Senora's, which was now crowded with Mexicans and tourists sampling Nogales night life. The Senora flew back and forth between the backroom and the bar like an old hen, newly a mother, or a scared crow, but most like, thought Miguel, to a fat, perspiring old sow, in haste to gobble apples from the ground as fast as they fell from the trees. When she saw him she gave a tray which she was carrying to Jose, the barman, and waddled quickly to wait upon Miguel in person, a sign of her favor which swelled Miguel's pride, the room being crowded. This alarmed him slightly. He felt like a ripe red apple, ready to fall. As he caught the covert winks and gibes of his friends at the Senora's unprecedented conduct, Miguel's vanity overcame his discomfort. After a couple of drinks his heart warmed, and he whispered a small gallantry to the Senora at which she was still blushing when he walked out, followed by her languishing glances. As Miguel reached the sidewalk he stopped stock-
still, his smile changing to a look of horror as the great grandfather of all exceedingly black cats stalked solemnly across his path with much dignity, his tail upright with a slight crick in the end which jerked to and fro mechanically, acting as a palmleaf fan to frighten the flies from his highness. Undulating rhythmically with each graceful step, he minced along like an eighteenth century beau. Miguel, thinking of the cock fight, crossed himself, wiped the cold sweat from his brow and cautiously tried to edge around the monster. After several narrow escapes he finally succeeded and proceeded happily on his way.

He stopped many times to speak to friends and acquaintances. Was he not the best guitar player in Sonora?—Therefore he was late, which made La Senorita a little petulant, so that she refused to kiss him. Miguel slyly pulled the red necklace out of his pocket and began to toy with it silently, affecting sullenness. Immediately she was all smiles and sweet softness, walking over and rubbing her ivory shoulder against his arm like a playful kitten. She wheedled him softly in her low musical voice until he could keep his stiff offended manner no longer. With a joyous laugh he gave her the necklace and picked her up and held her in the air, she inspecting the necklace minutely until he put her down and claimed his reward. Then leading her to the hammock in a small grove of trees, out of the light of the street lamp, he could no longer hold his good news which he had kept from her before because his goal had seemed so far away.

"Querida Mia," he blurted, "how would you like to be the wife of a business man?"

"I'd like it very much," she replied with a touch of irony, "but where am I to find such a one?"

"Gaze upon him, Dearest One." Showing his gleaming teeth in an infectious smile, he stuck out his chest and excitedly burst into explanations at her incredulous look. When he had finished, he sat back, awaiting her delighted
congratulations. When they were not at once forthcoming,
puzzled, he sat forward again and tried to see her face. It
was shadowed by some leaves and the moonlight. This
left him still in doubt.

"What's the matter, Perita Mia? Are you not happy
that now your father must let us get married as he prom-
ised? Why do you say nothing?" Softly and wistfully
came her tardy comment.

"So you sold your horse, Miguel?"
"Yes." he returned, puzzled anew.
"And your gun, Miguel?" compellingly.
"Yes."
"And your dogs," she continued to catalogue.
"Yes, yes," he broke in "I had to—."
"And you are going to gamble the money yet,—on this
so crooked cockfight," she continued mercilessly.

"It is sure—this one,—Perita. I explained how I can-
not lose this time." His words tumbled over each other in
a puppylike eagerness.

"You certainly did Miguel —" she choked,—a tear
appeared upon the velvet cheek turned toward Miguel.
"Father—father said—if you ever gambled again—I could
not—I couldn't see you again—ever." She finished in a
storm of tears. Miguel sagged back in the hammock, ran
his hand through his glistening black hair and scratched his
head like a little boy,—still silent.

"Miguel," her voice came quavering wistfully out of
the shadows, "will you not promise me to gamble no more?"
The answer was slow in coming.

"Yes, Querida,—but how can I then get the money I
need?"

"Take the job the Senor Brown offered you," Perita
returned quickly. "It will be hard work—but Miguel,—
isn't it worth it?"

"All right," agreed Miguel. "I'll go tomorrow morning
—but I won't see you again for a long time,"—with a pain-
tive note in his voice.

“Oh, Miguel!” She came forward out of the shadow, her eyes shining with a dewy gladness. Miguel pillowed her head on his shoulder, burying his face in her soft fragrant tresses.

It was late when the street finally echoed the home­ward steps of Miguel. He was again treading upon the clouds. He had the temperament common to his race, mercurial, going from zenith of joy to the nadir of despondency and back again in a thrice. With the delicate scent of Perita's hair lingering in his nostrils and his lips still tingling with her last kiss, he hardly noticed when the pavement ended and he strode between the long, forked shadows of the giant cacti, those moth-eaten ghostly sentinels of the moon. Unable to woo the coy goddess of slumber, he sat on the bench outside his door and charmed the rustling night life of the desert with the tinkle of soft chords upon his guitar.

When the sun peeped over the nearest hills, Miguel arose and without washing or eating, leaving everything where it was except his money and his guitar, he set out slowly for the American side of the town; there to seek the Senor Brown and favor him with his acceptance of the proffered riding job. Miguel consoled himself with the fact that he would have a horse under him again, at least, for, being a gentleman born, he was unused to walking. Miguel reflected that his birth was his only credit with Perita's choleric father and even that was fast becoming obscured by his dissolute behaviour and his lack of money. There was also a rival looming upon the horizon, Paolo Mendez, who was the son of a large hardware dealer on the American side of the town. Paolo wielded much power and influence because he was the friend of the Secretary of State of Sonora. Miguel felt secure in Perita's love for him, however, and in her expressed dislike for the other. His heart grew tender as he thought of Perita, placing her candle at
the Wishing Shrine, as she had promised him, for his success. He knew it would not go out, that it would burn down to the very end; and he would never gamble again but would save his money and marry Perita and be happy for the rest of his life.

When Miguel arrived at the office which the Senor Brown maintained in Nogales, he was curtly informed that the Senor had just gone out. Thinking to find him at lunch Miguel retraced his steps to the nearest cafe, but failing again he went back to the office to ask when the Senor was expected back. He was told to return at three o'clock that afternoon. The gum-chewing Mexican stenographer disdainfully turned her back upon Miguel's smiling "gracias" there being a strong dividing line of caste between those Mexicans who work on the American side of town and those who did not. And Miguel had not as yet "arrived". With a softly spoken jest which brought the roses to her throat and cheeks, he turned on his heel and strode into the street. Hesitating a moment, he turned his steps toward the Mexican side, passing through the gate with a "Buenos dias", to the guard who examined him for junk. Going the other way it had been for liquor—an amusing parallel. Miguel walked on to the Senora's there to pass away the time until three o'clock.

The place was deserted except for the Senora who was busy taking the chairs from the tables where they had been piled upside down previous to cleaning the floor. The husky proprietress smiled at Miguel's "Como esta vd?" Indicating a chair already taken off and rubbed, she went on with her work. When she had finished she went behind the bar and came out bearing Miguel a beer. Refusing his dinero with a smile she told him that the first one was always on the house. She rambled on through her repertoire of gossip without stopping for breath. This suited Miguel who sipped his beer silently, with now and then a word of polite interest to stimulate the flow. Commenting on the prolong-
ed absence of the black Estban, she sadly informed him of that worthy's sudden and forcible ejection from the premise via the front door, propelled violently by the Senora's brawny arms. This had followed his latest drunken spree, the climax to his long list of misdemeanors during working hours.

"And I don't know where I shall find anyone to take his place," she ended, with palpable invitation in her voice. She got up to get more beer. Miguel said nothing but it was evident to the Senora that she had touched a weak spot. To have nothing to do all day long except to wait on customers, talking when they talked, drinking when they drank, playing the guitar every night until far into the morning, accepting the applause, largess and proffered drinks which he could draw forth by his skill, from his appreciative audiences. How different from the life he would lead as nightrider for the Senor Brown. That was the proposed job, he being a new hand, and a Mexican. He quailed at the thought of enduring the rough practical jokes and the hateful condescending manner of the Gringo riders, the long vigils of night herding, and the rough fare which fell to the lot of the guild of vaqueros. The contrast of these two pictures struck him forcibly. Then Perita's sad face appeared to him, with faith in him and his promise in her eyes. He sighed heavily and put the unworthy thought from him, for one look into the eyes of the enamoured Senora told him what the position would entail. The sigh was not lost upon the alert Senora who had been gazing at him curiously out of the corner of her eye. She stooped behind the bar to draw more beer and to hide a slight smile of triumph. She spoke no more upon the subject, however, but turned the conversation upon the cockfight, allowing the seed to take root before she set about cultivating it. Miguel made a disinterested comment upon the coming battle, drank his beer, and walked out the door, bumping into Old Mose.
"Lo siento mucho," (I feel it much,) ejaculated Miguel. (Such is the peculiar Spanish idiom for 'I am sorry."

"It was my fault," soothed the black. "All ready to make your killing? Let's have a drink."

"I've changed my mind," Miguel answered. "I've stopped gambling for good. It does not pay one."

"Doesn't pay! You've quit gambling! Are you loco?" Yelled Mose in astonishment. "After I was kind enough to let you in on a sure thing like this. Why, man! You can win back all you've ever lost before. Come on! Cheer up! Have a drink and forget it."

Miguel had not one but several. The black knew his man. With every drink Miguel's will weakened a bit more. As the liquor befuddled his brains the arguments of Old Mose seemed overpoweringly, irresistibly logical and right. A rosy glow pervaded the world. The black man became Miguel's best friend, about to do him a favor. The chairs and tables danced a merry fandango about the room. steadying himself against the bar for a momen, Miguel's eyes focused dimly upon the Senora. Why she was not a fat sow! She was young and not bad looking! She liked him! Well he didn't mind a little plumpness, so he liked her too! He would go over and tell her so, and snatch a kiss or two and pinch those fat cheeks to see if she could still blush.

But it was now almost time for the cockfight, so Old Mose took Miguel's arm and steered him toward the door instead. Miguel tried to free himself, calling Mose several kinds of pig-dogs and sons-of-sheep, but forgot about it when he saw his old friend the lordly tomcat get up from the side of the door and stalk around the doorway. Stoo- ping with a chuckle, he tried to pick him up, calling him his old amigo—his jolly playmate. The cat eluded him with dignified ease and continued on his lordly way. Miguel, swearing fiercely was again taken in tow by the ingratiating black man who steered his faltering step to an old barn.
on the outskirts of the town where the fight was to be held.

A small crowd had already assembled and money was changing hands in a lively manner. The air was blue from the fat cigars of a few specially selected American tourists, suckers all, and from the brown paper cigarillos of the Mexicans, negroes, and a slight sprinkling of Chinese. Old Mose drew Miguel into a corner and systematically went through his pockets, telling Miguel he would bet his money for him. He also took the small knife which he found under Miguel's armpit next to the tobacco sack containing the roll of bills, just in case of an accident. Miguel rocked drowsily as Mose led him to his seat on the top of an old wagon. Calling another negro who was sitting on a rooster cage, Mose made Miguel's bet so Miguel could see him do it and hence would sit quietly until after the battle. After three preliminaries which were fizzeses Miguel went to sleep just in time to miss seeing a little black bantam cock tear Mose's El Toro to shreds and lift his reddened spurs one after the other and crow, surveying the bloodstained, feather-covered sawdust with an air of triumphant pride. After the crowd had settled their bets and had gone out, Mose and his confederate smiled at the sleeping Miguel and started for the border with the spoils of victory.

Miguel, upon an errand for the Senora, now his better half, after a long, hard day cleaning floors, washing glasses, carrying drinks and running errands, yelled at by the Senora and his patronizing friends, stopped at the Wishing Shrine. There he gazed at the candle Perita had placed there. It had burned down but a half inch. He sighed, and looking down at his old friend the tomcat who had accompanied him on his walk, turned on his heel and trudged wearily back to the grind, followed still by the lordly black cat—who now seemed to have a cynical leer in his yellow eye.

G. Everhart Irwin.
STOOD in the midst of chaos. Shadows and figures of all sizes and shapes swirled by me. I was pushed and shoved in every direction by a seething mass, and, though in the middle of all this, I felt alone. Unfamiliar odors assailed me—perfumes, paints, and body odors. Lights of varied hues were scattered about, winking on and off.

The somewhat muffled sounds of the pit orchestra, mingled with the laughter and applause of the audience, beat out a tempo which seemed to have instilled itself in the blood of the actors and actresses. Tension prevailed. And everybody seemed to give his utmost to his part, from the star to the assistant call-boy. The scene-shifters worked at top speed, the property man fumbled industriously among his charges, the promoters nervously flicked through the pages of the book—efficiency was the watchword.

I peered through the wings. A garish scene met my eyes. The unfamiliar view of the stage, from that angle, robbed me of some of the illusions I had treasured until then. The flimsy back-drops and flats emphasized the falsity of it all.

The chorus was going through one of its many routines. A bizarre effect was created by the waving and kicking of bare arms and legs. The jagged flashes of light bathed the scene in a multicolor of beauty. Fixed smiles, sinewy arms and legs, weaving bodies—all formed a background for the vocal attempt of the beautiful star.

The finale with its gorgeous scenery and lighting effects—the entire company assembled—and then it is all over. The flats are struck and the stage is stripped bare. A harsh white light is turned on the floor from above. A sense of barrenness prevails. The curtain is rung up. The darkened, empty house creates a weird impression. It seems hard to believe that, a few hours before, this dim theatre
LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

contained several hundred people, laughing and applauding the efforts of performers and that this bare stage was the scene of gorgeous settings and vibrant life. The flats are piled up in order and the stage is swept clean. The workers file out quickly. A scattered laugh and word—then all is quiet. As I realized the enormity of the pageant I had witnessed, I thrilled—thrilled to think that at last I had seen something I had long desired, backstage of a Broadway musical show.

—Walter E. Magid.
BILL-BOARDS

TRAVELING by car is not what it used to be, even as I remember it in the comparatively short span of my life. Where before there were trees, lakes, and mountains in abundance to admire, there now stand gorgeous and flaming bill-boards screeching for the attention of every passing motorist. Some of the oldest known scenes, literal shrines for the people of this country, have been desecrated by such forms of advertisement.

This past summer I spent two months in conservative Vermont, where extensive advertising has been late in arriving. Nevertheless more and more gaudy masterpieces hold the central positions along otherwise picturesque country roads. It was a startling thing when I swung around a curve one afternoon to realize that up in the wilds of a Vermont forest, "even my best friend would not tell me". Life seemed so futile. Later, on the same day, while I stood in mud to my ankles, water running in streams from my hat brim, and soaked to the skin by a downpour of rain, I glanced up, beholding a sign which was mockery in itself. Behold! before me stood a gigantic box of Morton’s Salt with the cheering message to me in my labor of changing a tire, "It never rains but it pours."

Not wishing to miss any of the sights of that section of the country, I started one day to pay my respects for the first time to the Old Man of the Mountain. Silhouetted against the clouds with a setting of crags and tall firs below, the old man is an awful spectacle. His profile seems to be the embodiment of all that is stern. Just to the right of where I stood gazing up at this natural sculpture was a bill-board which, together with the old man himself, completed the most incongruous picture I have ever seen. A pert young miss, coquettishly dressed, lifted provocative lips up toward the mountain side, and with a twinkle of the eye
announced to the old Puritan father that he should "keep kissable" through the use of the finest cigarettes made.

How many stories of domestic tragedy are represented by road side advertisements! Some of the bitterest home relations may be smoothed over, I see, according to the claims made by makers of Burma Shave. Not content with one large landscape of futuristic drawing, the publicity agent of this company must have been hard put to it until he found his inspiration used at present on the majority of roads between the Atlantic and Pacific sea coasts. Not only does the shaving cream advertisement cover more ground, but it also arouses the suspense of the (I was about to say reader) alert motorist. Each announcement is composed of words on several signs, which, if seen in time and read fast enough, may be juggled into a charming ditty. Of the many which I saw a sufficient number of times to commit to mind, one especially rises uppermost in my thoughts. "Does your husband — rant and rave? — Shoot the brute — some Burma Shave!"

I wonder if the owners of a little country store realized how much of their family life they were telling to the world which passed, when they put up the following sign: "MOM'S INN", underneath which was the rather pathetic little announcement, "Pop on Ice". I have felt rather sorry for poor pop.

Instead of being impressed with a place of interest, one carries away merely the memory of its most glaring advertisement. Recently I was talking with a girl who had had her first glimpse of Niagara Falls. When asked how she liked it, she shrugged her shoulders and said, "Oh, it was all right, but have you seen the latest picture by McClelland Barclay? It is of a girl playing polo, one of the series of athletic girls done for Atlantic Gasoline, you know. There was one placed on the rocks jutting out over Niagara, and I simply couldn't take my eyes from it."

I distinctly recall my experiences when visiting Mam-
moth Cave for the first time several years ago. Mammoth Cave is one of the South's really great places of interest. For miles before we reached it, great likenesses of the cave made me gasp with awe. It was proclaimed the largest, finest, most beautiful cave known to man. I felt as if I could not wait to be there. When I at last approached the cave, I was bitterly disappointed, for it by no means reached my expectations aroused by over-zealous advertisers. It had the appearance of being puny, colorless, and above all less glamorous than I had been led to suppose.

After leaving the cave, we drove over a road of dirt and stones, which seemed as if it must have been in the same condition during the days of the Civil War. When we finally reached the main inter-state highway, we were confronted with an enormous head, the head of a man who had been State Highway commissioner for the past two years and who was again running for the same office. "Vote for Jones," we read. "He has made good every road in the state. Keep them repaired by keeping him in office." We shrugged our bruised shoulders, and limped down the road in our car, which was then lacking only two good springs.

The goal of our motor trip through Kentucky was Lexington where we wished to see the house where Henry Clay lived for so many years. Eager with anticipation, we drove up to the place which had been pointed out to us, and to our astonishment we could see nothing but posters announcing the coming of "The Secret Sin" and "Born to Sin" and "Born to Love". After some difficulty we managed to get a view of the house, but only by leaving the car and making our way between the two bill-boards.

Automobile picnics seem to be quite in vogue during the summer time. Exactly why, I can't think, for any number of worms, spiders, ants and so forth are sure to find their way to your mouth. Nevertheless at one of these parties of which I was a member, we sought refuge from the intense heat by sitting in the shade of the ever-present bill-board.
BILL-BOARDS

When things were started, everything was as it should be on such a function, and we were moving our arms like propellers to dislodge the two inch layer of bugs draped over salad and sandwiches alike. Someone laughed. We all glanced up and for the first time noticed the sign in the shade of which we were resting. An ominous forefinger was pointed at us; the caption read: "Quick, Henry—The Flit!".

What must be the amusement of others when they see how prodigally we Americans have lavished our resources in aid of Mother Nature.

Elizabeth W. Basset.
A night of gloom and dark of deepest pall,
A cloud of dull and creeping mist from Hell;
A stygian blackness spread a chill of hate,
And Death from Life sought its eternal mate.

On such a night of gloom and dark was born
With soul of hate and eyes of living scorn
A child whose fate was that of mean desire,
A child whose worldly sin was living fire.

A god there was whose passion for the beast
Gave way from lordly great to lowly least;
Imbued not with the love of his own kind
He sank—with loathsome lust within his mind.

Malignant venom thus did lead his way
To the foul spot wherein the lewd beast lay.
Here lull’d in dank and pestilential rot
It coursed the filthy stench that was its lot.

And lurching forth in uncontrolled desire
The fallen god leaped in the ghoulish mire;
And fighting now the beast, shrieked curses black,
And clutched with gutted groins the hairy back.

Great Zeus from his lofty throne looked down,
And on this curse cast a scornful frown;
And loath lest any should see this hideous sight,
He hid it deep beneath the cloak of night.

So then when terrored time had come and gone
With frightful pain a spewing child was born.
And in this night of gloom and deepest pall,
And in this dark and creeping mist from hell,

Great Zeus again looked from his lofty height;
Then shrinking from this cursed sight,
He placed upon the child this ghastly ban,
And marked its cankerous growth by the name of MAN.

—F. W. Ness.
IN ANSWER to *Parnassus in Collegio* which appeared in the last *Hornbook* extolling the use of the Classics, I wish to speak for the Germanic languages.

We, as Nordic people, have no racial heritage in the Greek stories of the Iliad and the Odyssey and the Roman Aeneid. We may look at them objectively, merely as works of art. In contrast, the northern stories such as the Edda in Icelandic, the Niebelungenlied in Middle High German, and Beowulf in Anglo-Saxon were the hero legends of our ancestors. We have a feeling of kinship toward these stories which no amount of beauty in the southern hero legends can create.

The northern stories have a vitality and life, a rugged beauty of expression which is equal to that of the Greeks. Their meter, the Stabreim or rhyme of initial letters lends itself to the free expression of the thoughts of a people. It is well adapted to songs and improvisations, and was used by our ancestors as they sat about the mead hall on long winter evenings. The classic meter is more stately, more cultivated, less adapted to folk ways.

When Greece at first and, later, Rome ruled the known world, they put their stamp of culture on the people that they conquered. They left their penal code, their system of government, their customs, laws and traditions, and with this, they left their literature. Today the great colonizers of the world are the Nordics. With Teutons controlling large parts of the globe, the time has come to change our culture from the classic to the Germanic.

In the early days of secondary schools and universities, great emphasis was placed on the study of Greek and Latin. This was because of the influence of scholasticism in the Middle Ages, when learning was kept alive in the monasteries. The tradition continued and early schools in
this country stressed the classics. However, this tradition is gradually being broken down, for Latin and Greek are not required courses in most colleges today. The number which require them is steadily decreasing, even for a degree of Bachelor of Arts.

The freeing of the student from the study of the classics is an echo of the freeing of the church from Latin. Latin was the yoke which held down religion. Until the Bible was put in the language of the common people, the church was all-powerful. When the Bible was put in simple language, the Reformation took place.

The time has come for the Germanic to be recognized as our common heritage, for it to don the kingly robe that the classics lay off. "Klassicus Geht Unter".

Philip Stokes Van Hook.
HAVE often yearned for a chance to be a non-
conformist. One of my greatest ambitions has
been to be able to say "no" to any nuisance who
asks me to do anything for him or for his or-
ganization, and then, after I have made myself perfectly
clear, to push him in the face. I have always earnestly
desired to defy convention. An hour ago I stood talking to
a man who personifies all the non-conformity many of us
have dreamed of possessing.

Maynard Williamson, the non-conformist, is known to
those who meet him on the streets of Carlisle as "Hatless
Harry". I had been told by some that he was an artist or
an interior decorator, by others that he was a singer and
a little "off" mentally. His appearance, as I meet him on
the street from time to time, only deepened the interest such
reports had aroused. Dressed in gray knickers, hatless,
massy grny hair framing his ruddy countenance, white six
and shoes setting off his robust figure, and carrying the
inevitable cane, he passed me often. My belief that his
appearance and the reports I had heard of him were only
half as interesting as he himself would be, were confirmed
an hour ago.

I approached Elm Rok, the house Williamson built
himself, with the admiration of one who detests the hack-
neyed bungalow styles of rural America. Here was a house
that conformed to no style but borrowed the best features
of all. With a dash of originality and non-conformity
Williamson had inserted unique iron grills, colored cements
in designs, niches filled with columns asymmetrically ar-
ranged, and bricks and stone jutting out from the smooth
stucco surface.

The interior however was a disappointment. When
I stepped into the long living-room my eyes met dull gray
walls, yet unfinished, scattered woodworking tools, old blocks of wood—a general makeshift appearance which made me feel that the interview I had come to seek would be dull and uninteresting. Williamson soon banished all fears of the failure of my visit.

"You'll have to excuse the informality", Williamson said as he shook my hand and appraised me carefully with his clear searching blue eyes. "This is the way we are living until we get fixed around. We make progress slowly, especially since we do most of the work ourselves." His ruddy countenance lighted up with a glow of satisfaction. "We built the house ourselves, my wife and I. It has taken us a long time but we get a kick out of doing things we've never done before." His stocky body turned slightly as he glanced around the gray-walled room. That arch was a lot of fun, but the fireplace was a little more difficult. I had to be sure that it would work. So many of our neighbors' don't. I read two or three books on fireplaces and finally succeeded in building one that works."

The spot Williamson has chosen for his home is beautifully situated. I had no sooner mentioned the extreme beauty of it than he told me what his relatives had said of his coming to Carlisle. "They say we came to the sticks to vegetate, but we like it. My wife got a lot of fun out of shoveling the snow off the walk while I went to market. We had been penned up in the city so long. We came here to live as it suited us. We get up when we like; go to bed when there's nothing else to do. A friend of mine once said that 'early to bed, early to rise, and you miss meeting a good many interesting people'. Another friend commented on my irregular hours by stating that my only regularity was my irregularity."

My interview was of double intent. I wished to learn something about Williamson and to secure him for a speaker. As soon as I broached the latter subject I saw Williamson become evasive. "I hate to be tied down to any en-
HATLESS HARRY

gagements” he told me candidly. “I came here to avoid all appointments, social functions,—all that binds me to regular deep-rutted routine. Life becomes too narrow under the pressure of it. I’ve been moderately successful, and now that I am able to live as I choose, I don’t like to be tied to any obligations. We work if we feel like it and eat when we have time. Today we haven’t eaten yet. (It was two o’clock) I’d speak but I don’t want to be tied to an engagement.”

From time to time in our conversation he emphasized his words with his gesticulations, either by pounding lightly with his fist or by nodding his head forcefully. The sincerity of each word he spoke rang true. Everything he said was his actual belief and a part of his philosophy.

The gate upon which he leaned as he talked he had built himself. It was hand-carved with vines, flowers, and animals in low relief. “I’ve spent most of my time lately building these gates. It was quite a lot of work because I had never done any carving like it before. Then, too, I had to scrape all the wood with this heavy wire brush to get the rustic effect I wanted. It’s great fun to do things I’ve never done before. That’s probably where my greatest interest lies, next to that in life and people.

With that rambling suggestion of his interest in life and people he began to explain his philosophy, not the philosophy of a textbook but one which he had formulated from his contact with people and life. “I enjoy nothing more than meeting and talking with people. Life has taught me that the man who can work an hour longer than his competitor is usually more successful. Physical vigor is responsible for any small degree of success I have acquired. I was able physically to work harder than my competitors. Health is absolutely essential to any clear mental activity. My mother used to chide me for not getting up earlier, saying that I could have done a lot of thinking if I had been up. I told her that ideas couldn’t be rushed.”
If people could only learn to be satisfied with their lot," he said, brushing his heavy hand across his brow. "That gesture, by the way," he said, calling my attention to that involuntary motion, "was the cause for my never wearing a hat. Many people have wondered why. When I wore a hat I found myself pressing my forehead with my hand and frowning. I was unable to think clearly sometimes. When I discovered that my hat was causing the trouble I discarded it. Now I'd never wear one again. I like to feel free to think clearly." That is why Williamson is known as "Hatless Harry."

Throughout Williamson's conversation runs a philosophy. It is his own, a philosophy of activity, of contact with life and people, of artistic interests, of a life broadened by refusal to conform to the petty, hampering conventions.

"Educational methods today have often seemed to me to be too narrowing and too theoretical. We need more actual practice in our education—less theory. The readjustment college people have to make after leaving college is that of learning from the beginning to practice what they have gained only in vague theory. It's difficult and often disastrous."

Every minute our conversation seemed to shift; a new subject, another phase of philosophy, a new interest. Every sentence brought into prominence some fact of Williamson's personality. Now he was berating the desire of all Americans of materialistic bent to secure more wealth; again he scored those who were duped into buying what they didn't need merely for the sake of keeping up with the neighbors next door. He has an indomitable faith in men, however, despite his vituperations against them.

Williamson's voice is pleasing and well-modulated. When he had explained his life and career I realized the cause. "I used to sing" he said as he was drawn to the subject by a Metropolitan opera coming over the radio. "I had aspirations to make Carnegie Hall stage. I worked and
finally succeeded, but what was the result? Every time I went off the stage there was the customary applause. He had a mocking note in his voice as he said it. As he spoke he cupped his hands and mimiced the applause of the operatic patron. "It was always the same. The singer who came on the stage after me received the same trite applause I had been given. I decided there was nothing for me on the concert stage so I gave it up."

Advertising, his next field, held more success he told me as he rummaged in a pack of material for examples of his work. "I thought up the content, arranged it, and made any illustrations. Because I was able to carry out the whole scheme without any assistance I got farther than some of my competitors. I was successful enough."

What did a non-conformist do for pleasure, I wondered? Would he be a movie-fiend? "All life is pleasurable," said Williamson, putting an end to my wondering, "if we are imaginative. Not the sort of imagination which shuts out reality, but that kind which is visionary. We need both the practical and the impractical in our make-up. I'm interested in people, music, art, activity—in short about all of life. That's our biggest game and we should be more concerned with that than with anything else. I suppose my greatest happiness is to be free to enjoy life. No ties, no ruts to follow, and a life of comfortable security not free from work and not bound to it is the life I cherish and the life I live."

He waived aside the few hasty remarks in the way of an excuse that I made for having troubled him. When I was walking down the path that led to the street from Elm Rok I realized that the man I had come to see was more of a philosopher than a non-conformist.

—Ralph Thompson.
ON READING ONE OF WERTHER'S LETTERS

Serenity, so sweet
Has taken o'er my soul;
With joy my heart is beating
As I enjoy these soft, sweet morns of spring.

I stand alone!
And in this Paradise
I feel the charm of Life—
Of living without strife—
A bliss, for souls like mine.

My Friend!
I feel so happy, so absorbed
In this tranquility.
My talents are but for the Past,
I do not draw a single stroke,
But to the last
I feel, with greatest joy
That Art is not forgotten;
But rather that it lives—
A glowing ember in my heart
For me alone.

The valley teems with vapor
All around me;
The Sun strikes through the foliage of yonder trees—
And so it seems
The few stray gleams
Steal like a thief
Into the hidden Sanctuary.

I rest beside the trickling stream—
Deep in the grass
So close to fragrant Earth.
A thousand unknown plants I see
With boundless ecstasy,
As the little world, beneath the stalks
Becomes familiar.

I hear the buzz of tiny things—
God's own creatures.
They seem so close
And yet so far away.
I feel, as oft I've felt,
That God is present in that little world,
And I must stay.

He breathes His love on us below;
He gives us strength to carry on with life.
Dear Lord, I know
That Thy love bears us far above
The common hurts of poor mankind.

Would but that I could clearly speak
Of God, of Love, of Life,
Of all that's warm within me.
And is my soul the mirror of God Almighty.
Pray make my words the mirror of my soul.

—Albert E. Smigel.

Khiva—it is a strange place;
Penan, you should go there to get the taste of mare's
fermented milk;
Or slide your hand over Tartor's shiny silk;
See the wooly Kuzzah draw low on wild Kalmune.
What? Have I been there?
Oh no! I just assume.

—Edmund H. Tarbutton.

The Brownings is a sympathetic study of the two English poets, which considers the life and writing of each contributory to a single life-story. That story is a romantic one. The author states it tersely when he says, "Among love stories it is a fairytale, and it is true."

Mr. Burdett has viewed the two Brownings as opposites, in their early life, their writing, their health, and much of their thinking. "She was wholly feminine . . . and he, as man and artist, was masculine to the core." One-half in itself was inadequate, but together, a nearly perfect whole was formed.

It was with this thought in mind that the chapters were planned. The youth of Elizabeth Barrett, in the first place, is presented as a direct contrast to that of Robert Browning; then, their early writings are unlike. The chapters which follow contain the love letters; which, this author maintains, reveal the real genius of the woman better than any of her poems. The next sections are concerned with the period of married life, during which Mrs. Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese and Browning's masterpieces, Men and Women and The Ring and the Book were produced. A concluding chapter is devoted to Browning's widowed years, but always with reference to the influence of his wife upon him, even after her death.

The biographer has done his utmost to be judicious. It is obvious that he admires both Brownings, but at the same time he has not failed to indicate defects in their writing and their characters. Her prose, as exemplified in the letters, ranks with Browning's best poetry, whereas his prose style is poorer than her worst poems. The author supports his contentions by numerous excerpts from the letters and the poems, to the end that our appetites are whetted to read more of the originals.

Aside from the valuable critical study, the impetus to further reading given by this volume is its chief recommendation. After completing the book, the reader cannot overcome an irresistible urge to read the poems and the love letters in their entirety.

Elizabeth W. Hibbs.

Ann Vickers. Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran, 1933

In his recent novel, Ann Vickers, Sinclair Lewis is essentially a realist. His drawing of the Copperhead Gap Penitentiary is probably one of his most vivid pictures; certainly it is one of his most natural-
istic. And the hanging of Lil Hezekiah is told in all of its sordid and revolting details. Nevertheless, the book does not give the impression of being realistic merely to disgust the reader.

This book has a humorous touch that seems to be woefully lacking in some of his other novels. The humor is derived from the use of anti-climax, absurd yet effective grouping, and is maintained by the odd twists he gives to his statements and definitions. For instance, he tells of some teachers who "are given to morality and peanut butter". He sums up the spirit of war times with the motto, "Let us eat, drink, and be nasty, for the world has gone to Hell and there will never again be youth and springtime and hope". The period before the war he classifies as the time "when Sex had been invented, but had not yet come into popular use and quantity production".

Mr. Lewis's sarcasm is swift, darting, and so close to the truth as to be uncomfortable. Ann searches for this truth and too often finds it hidden by hypocrisy. With stinging comment she decries conditions as she finds them. One of the characters says, "Politicians are the middlemen of Economics; they take the Economic Truth out and peddle small quantities of it at inordinate prices." Ann makes the astounding discovery that "there are no prisoners or criminals, only men who have done something at that moment was regarded as breaking the law, and tho, at the hit-or-miss guess-verdict of a judge (who was no judge at all, but only a man judging in accordance as his digestion and his wife's nagging affected him) were carried off to prison."

The story itself concerns Ann Vickers, who is described as "complex only as environment clashed with her simple desires for frankness, efficiency, kindness, and sexual freedom". She starts out with a high idealism and explores the suffrage movement, the social settlement house, philanthropy and organized charity, and prison reform. Each of these disillusioned her, but not to the point of causing her to lose faith; for she always retains her characteristic naivete. During her entire story we see the hypocrisy of all of her environments. She herself, while matron of a prison, has a child by one man while inconveniently and unsatisfactorily married to another. Throughout life she is constantly faced by the dominating instinct of the reformer and her desire for a healthy, normal life as a wife and mother. She finally attains happiness by finding her man.

Hazelle M. Allen.
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